Friday

I spend the whole day at Le Limon with Jacques Copeau —who reads me the first act of *La Maison riatale.*[27] I come back somewhat braced up.

Monday, 18

This evening great effort to get back to work on *Les Caves,* but too many preoccupations have disorganized my thought, No matter; I keep at it, knowing well that the fruit of one's effort is not harvested at the moment.

My day is already completely mortgaged: at ten a.m. I am to meet Eug&ne Rouart, and until four o'clock we talk business (organization of the corporation to exploit the Seintein mines; formation of the Electrolysis Corporation, etc. . . .). I come home done in.

What interest can there be in noting all this? Yet I force myself to do so, hoping to find in the very boredom that I feel in going over these dull days some weapon against myself. Meanwhile, I have nevertheless somewhat progressed in my work; but to get ahead properly with *Les Caves,* the study of English must be neglected. I have, however, finished the amazing *Hero and Leander — and* continued *The Faerie Queene.*

19 November

Went to see Paul Claudel yesterday at his sister's. He receives me with great cordiality. I enter right away the little room he is occupying, which is dominated by a crucifix above the bed.

Paul Claudel is more massive, wider than ever; he looks as if he were seen in a distorting mirror; no neck., no forehead; he looks like a power-hammer. The conversation immediately starts on the subject of Rimbaud, whose complete works in one volume prefaced by Claudel, which the *Mercure* has just published, are on the table. He has recently

had an opportunity to talk with some employee or business representative who, for some period of time, had frequented Rimbaud at Dakar or Aden;[28] who depicted him as an absolutely insignificant creature, spending all his days in smoking, sitting on his haunches in the Oriental man-

[27] *The Family Homestead,* a three-act drama of bitter misunderstanding within a family, on which Copeau worked for fifteen years; it was finally presented at his own Th£tre du Vieux-Colombier in December 1923. *

[28] After renouncing literature in 1873 at the age of nineteen, Arthur Rimbaud lived as an adventurer until he settled in Harar, Abyssinia, in 1880 as representative of a French firm of Aden. By Dakar Andr6 Gide doubtless means Harar.